

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 1, NO. 6.

MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1859.

B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

Stories, and Voices to Youth.

The Overflowing Cup.

A company of Southern ladies were once assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one real bad-looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice, "not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Grey," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble."

"I will, if you desire," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish. I was always gay and lighthearted, and married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on, which are so common in our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, still the elements raved. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was not trouble."

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little islands grew smaller and smaller."

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees, dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal and you, mothers, cannot

imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble."

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retired from it until an All-powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no farther. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble."

"My baby was all that I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in the pursuits of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. That was trouble, ladies, such as I hope his mercy will keep you from experiencing."

There was no dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.—*New Brunswick.*

Wake Up.

Droning, moping about like a snail! Is this the way to do business?

Why not stir yourselves? Wake up to life and animation; step quickly! lively, be on the alert, on the wing! Why not dispatch business, do up the work on the spot, in good earnest, neatly, punctually, speedily?

Be what good things your hands find to do, with all your might. Up, up! to life, action, energy! This habit of dragging, dragging, droning, lolling—this kind of half-hearted, slipshod, down-at-the-beel business, is like the plague; it will cling to you like the leprosy, for life! Awful! horrible!

Begin aright; begin now to step quick—now, in the morning. If you permit yourself to be a snail, and a drone now, a snail and a drone you will be—a kind of dull, stupid, dumpy, dragging, drawing, half-hearted, milk-and-water dribble/dabble sort of a body, all of your life!

Up, up! jump up! open your eyes, shake yourself, stir about, be lively, step quick!

What are you doing? What did your father or mother set you about? What business, at home or abroad, up stairs or down stairs, what did they tell you to do?

Was it to get your lessons, work in the garden, gath-

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

or the fruits or flowers, cut, split, or pile wood, drive the cow, feed the chickens, tend the fires, cook the dinner, scour the knives, set the table, brush up, knit, sew, fold papers, stitch or set type?

Have you done it? Lay hold in good earnest. Fly about, show signs of life; step QUICK! make the little fingers FLY!

ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with its beauty of person and the splendor of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble; it is wrong in itself, and they may one day become your superiors."

Perhaps there are some children, and we might add grown-up-children, who would do well to heed the advice of the butterfly.

Sunbeams.

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there,
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere,
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.

They kiss away the dew-drops
That hang upon the flowers,
They lift the hazy mist that lies
Upon the sylvan bowers,
They bring each one its little spark,
To drive away the gloom and dark.

Kind words are little sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall,
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all;
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

Scatter the little sunbeams,
Free as the balmy air,
That all in sorrow's darkness
Their joyous light may share;
Their light reflected on your heart,
Will make its shadow all depart.

—Cincinnati Gazette.

Willie Weston.

Willie lives in Burlington, Vermont. He is now about six years old, and has a little sister named Fannie. One day Fannie began to talk about the spirits, and wondered why she could not see them. Willie, like a little philosopher, said it was because she hadn't spirit-eyes. It is just so. If people desire to see spirits and converse with them, they must learn to be spiritual, and live with their minds and hearts raised to heaven.

One night while Willie was in bed with his father, he waked up and said he saw his spirit-mother in the room. His father talked to him in the morning, and told him it might be nothing more than a dream. But Willie said he knew better; it was not a dream, he said he saw his mother, he was certain, and went on to tell how she looked and acted.—*Spiritual Clarion.*

PHILANTHROPIST.

Editors' Portfolios Opened. No. 1.

ANGEL VOICES, PEARLS OF FRIENDSHIP, CORRESPONDENCE, EXTRACTS; PUBLIC, PRIVATE, OLD, NEW.

ANGELIC PHILANTHROPY.—"Brother, I wish to say now, that you are yet to do an angel's work [if faithful], and know an angel's joy. We, through you, would heal the sick, comfort the mourner, lift up the fallen, assist the penitent soul to tread again the path of virtue and peace, lighten the woes of the oppressed, and make glad the weeping children of Earth. In doing this, you will certainly find an angel's joy. Oh! there is much to be done; but where are the laborers? where the hearts to engage in the work? where the love that dwelt in the soul of Jesus? where the pity that often bedewed his cheek?—where the loving soul that can go to a fallen brother and say, 'I love you still?'"

In view of the suffering and misery, the wretchedness we see in your world, we entreat you to do all in your power to reclaim and save the lost. You have done much [something]; yes, words have been spoken—words which have come from the heart and reached the heart,—down deep in the soul lie words which you have uttered which shall live.

We love that feeling of sympathy for the fallen, which dwells in your breast. We have seen the aspirations that have gone up from your soul to the Father, for light and truth.

What a beautiful world yours would be if mankind would cultivate sympathy with smiling Nature! It often seems strange to us, when we glance over your world, why children of the great and good Father so blindly, nay, madly destroy their own happiness!—why they will not hearken to the still small voice, which speaks in sweet tones of love and mercy. The noise and confusion of life, the strife after worldly pleasure and honor, stifle the better feelings of the soul, and tho' we knock gently at the door, we seldom gain admittance. Oh! would that mankind were still enough to listen to our teachings! Then we would roll back the dark waters of superstition and error which encompass the nations. We would speak peace! 'Blessed,' a heavenly voice once proclaimed to the children of your earth—'Blessed are the poor in spirit'; yea, thrice blessed are the PEACEMAKERS!

Oh! how many times do we, of the Spirit-Land, return and linger near the hearts of those we love, and how many times are we repelled! But we are not impatient; and when the soul, full of love, calls up our memory, we come again with the quickness of thought, availing ourselves of every opportunity to whisper our thoughts of peace, and create spiritual aspirations in the soul.—*Angel Sist'r.*"

INTEMPERANCE AND CONJUGAL ESTRANGEMENT. "My Dear Friend: Permit me to thank you for your sympathy, so gently made manifest to my sorely afflicted bosom. This is the anniversary day of the death of our little D—. 'Tis well with the child.' But how is it with her earthly father?—a bereaved man, whose house is about to fall, for a house divided against itself cannot stand." Bro. B. and Bro. D. are both my friends—sincerely so. Again, then, permit me to ask you, and

"Heaven shortens not the life of man: it is man that does it, by his crimes."

through you to ask them, to sustain me in my true relation to my wife.

God, in infinite mercy, sanctify this unfeigned petition of your humbly stricken brother.

Leisure permitting, come again and see me.—Charles."

The author of the above is now in the Spirit-Home, since which, we have received a communication from him, thanking us again for our sympathy, and promising to inspire us to help others.

BR. B. R. M.—writes us: "Enclosed please find Fifty Cents in stamps, and send me the *Radical* for one year. Please send from the first No.; for I like it 'ever so much,' and want to have the copies bound, so that future generations may know when the whole truth was first published.—Aug. 20, '69."

Uncongenial Marriages.

We had marked several passages to copy from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's "False and True Marriage," noticed in our last No., which we then omitted for want of space:

I met in Indiana, a few years since, a beautiful German girl and an old man. They might have been the originals of "January and May."

"There is a great disparity in your years," I remarked. "Yes," she said with a sigh; "I did not marry for love, and I am not an old man's darling; Mr. M— despises me as cordially as I do him. I only married him to rid myself of a young scamp forced upon me by my father."

"Did the priest object to uniting you?" I asked.

"O no! we paid him."

"Will you spend your life in this loveless binding?" I ventured to ask.

"It may be; I am splendidly fed and clothed."

The last I heard of the "splendidly fed" woman, she had eloped with a young American, and the "dishonored husband" was on their track. Are there no Magdalens save those without the pale of respectable society? Are there no missionaries to preach purity to the spirits in our social, civilized hells?

What are the results of uncongenial marriages? Ask the murderer. He will answer, "Murder and hate in my mother's heart, was my only inheritance." Ask the suicide. He will answer, "I had no welcome here. ["] I was the offspring of discord—accepted as a necessity. The curse of my mother is upon me, and so I go to the grave hoping to leave it at its portal."

In nineteen of twenty cases you will find the libertine to be the ill-fated child of a bond-woman. She knows and feels her degradation, and upon the innocent unborn the seal of infamy is set.

There is no vice, no crime that is not the legitimate offspring of men-made marriages. Pauperism in rags; red-handed war, and slavery with its iron heart, may with propriety claim kinship with unloving unions.

[*] Read Henry C. Wright's pamphlet, "The Unwelcome Child."

☞ We shall continue to send the *Radical* to our free, or non-paying subscribers.

INDIVIDUALIST.

"MARRIAGE OUTSIDE OF THE INSTITUTION."—This editorial in our last No., as we anticipated, was not understood, even by "reformers." It is not easy to understand what is beyond our attainment in faith or practice. Men can see radical errors in Church and State, which justify them in becoming "outsiders," while in regard to the evils of domestic institutions they are dumb. How happens it that politics and religion should be so vitiated, and yet the "Marriage Institution" remain tolerable? Do not the same men who go to church and to the caucus, also marry and give in marriage? Are they wrong in their political and religious relations, and yet right in their social? Nay, the greater wrong is nearer HOME.

We simply teach, to such as will willingly understand, that man should be a "law unto himself," and prove to the world, by a life of truth and virtue, that all outward laws are superfluous. Until he does this, we acknowledge the Providential uses of "restraints and penalties." But we do not justify men in remaining, a single hour, under such a system. We proclaim the "higher law," and only as this is honored, can there be social progress. Do men build a new house while the old is tolerable? We know better; and hence we expose the weakness, crime, and debasement, which exist, and are tolerated, beneath its sanctified and time-honored roof.

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet, excepting x, c, and g, together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

Es	Ez	En	Aq	Aq	Oo	Oo	On	On	Ua
ave	ert	ale	ait	art	all	ode	oose	aspe	whoop
ʒj	ʒs	ʒs	Uq	Cq	Rd	ʒd	ʒj	ʒg	Wp
tee	oil	our	dape	cheat	thin	the	vision	ring	

Of Freng majistrat, noted for his liv ov de plegurs ov de tabl, speik wun da tu a friend, sed:

"We hav just bin etip a superb turki; it woz eksellent, stult wid trullz tu de nek, tender, delikatt, and ov a rig flavor. We left nutip but de bonz."

"H's men! ov yo waz der," sed his friend.

"To," replijed do majistrat; "de turki and mjel'."

Melikus.—De Braminz do not et animal fad, and dar onli dripk iz woter. In hav not kild animalz fer to tszand yezs. Sjrus de grat iz sed tu hav bin brot up on bred and woter-krosez.

"H's butifal!" sed a ladi hov ragd, "duz de fas ov natar luk after a fser." "Yes," replijed a far friend, "but yo kud not sa de sem ov ol fasz."

"If yo wad hav yar loz olad, widst mutini, se wel tu it dat da qr psez ov God Olmit's lo—uderwij ol de qrtleri in de wurd kan not kep den mutini."—Kariji.

Natur haz sumtjnz mad a fol, but a koksakom iz ol-waz ov man's on makip.

"Men might better be if we better deemed of them."

SPIRITUALIST.

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST:

Printed at Hopedale, Ms.; Free to the OUTCAST; To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year. To Agents, for Clubs: 6 Copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and \$20 for \$5. HARRIS T. N. GREENE and BRYAN J. BUTTS, Editors.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN:

Printed at Hopedale, Ms., Fortnightly. \$1 a Year. Lowest Club Rate: 20 Copies at 50 Cts. each. A liberal Journal of a thorough, practical stamp. AMOS BALLOU, Editor.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING" is fearless and outspoken; C. M. Overton, Editor, 10 J. P. Linsley, Associate. Berlin Heights, O. \$1, or \$2, a Year, advance.

"THE APOSTROPHE" is a thorough Woman's Rights, Semi-Monthly; Edited, principally, by Mrs. H. P. M. Brown. Cleveland, O. \$1 a year, advance.

"THE SYMBOL" a practical Dress-Reformer and Woman's Rights advocate. Semi-Monthly, quarto. Edited by Dr. Lydia S. Hasbrouck. Middletown, N. Y. \$1 a Year.

"THE REFORMER" is a radical Rev. Monthly. Edited by Ellen Beard and Augustus Hammon (married "under protest.") Aurora, Ill. \$1.50 a year, advance.

Letter from A. E. Newton.

Boston, Sept. 5, 1839.

FRIENDS B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE: My attention has been directed to an article in the Sept. No. of your *Radical Spiritualist*, in which my name is used in connection with implications which seem to me neither generous nor just. The article in question manifests a singular departure from that out-spoken frankness which I have been accustomed to look for from your pens. It affirms little, but insinuates much—indicating a wish to bring an accusation against me, but either a lack of confidence in its justness, or a want of boldness in bringing it forward.

First you intimate—though you do not directly assert—that the columns of the *Spiritual Age* have been closed against anti-slavery truth. Were this the fact, you would hardly be justified in singling out myself to bear the onus of censure in the case—since I have never been a proprietor of that paper, nor its sole conductor. But allow me to say that the justification is destitute of truth, at least, for the period that I have been connected with the *Age*. I have repeatedly, and as often as I judged proper, given expression to the most radical and sweeping anti-slavery principles in its columns, and have never known a line of correspondence on the subject to be excluded.

Again you affirm that "its editor raises his broad spiritual shield in semi-self-defense"—against what? The context implies, against "anti-slavery truth." I am conscious of having done nothing of the kind, and have had no wish or occasion to do it.

Thirdly, you "know A. E. Newton to be anti-slavery at heart, only would have him affirm it unmistakably." I know not how to use language to convey more unmistakably my sense of the evil and wrong of all slavery than I have repeatedly done. (See *Spiritual Age*, Aug. 14 and Oct. 16, 1838, and July 9 and Aug. 6, 1839, for examples.) It is not my mode of procedure, however, to pattern after many one-sided and narrow visioned Reformers, and drive merely at one of the branches of a gigantic evil, overlooking others which produce equally noxious fruit, and the great root from which all

proceeds. I am too much of a *Radical Spiritualist* for that. I must plant myself on broad, unprejudiced principles, which apply North as well as South.

Fourthly, you broadly insinuate that I have been false to my convictions for the sake of "an easy soil upon the popular tide"—that rather than "earn a livelihood by manual toil," as you do, I have been willing to press my finger "upon the opening lips of truth." My own conscience acquits me of any such motive or action; and the fact that I have never yet enjoyed the "easy soil" referred to, but on the contrary have never been, at any time in my editorial life, above the pressure of want, and often driven to the most trying extremities in consequence of adherence to my own convictions of truth and duty—this fact should have saved me from so cruel an imputation, especially from those who have suffered from the same cause.

Lastly, you intimate that I have written what "could be construed into an apology for American Slavery." It is true, I wrote an article which was so construed, by a single individual. But in my judgment it was abundantly clear that such a construction was glaringly unjust, plainly contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the article complained of. I fearlessly submit to the candid judgment of all unprejudiced minds, that it had no such meaning. Have you not had experience enough in the editorial line, to have learned that writers cannot justly be held responsible for the misconstruction of hasty or prejudiced readers? The fact is that the principles asserted in the article in question are quite too broad and practical to suit hobby-riders and one-idea Reformers.

If to urge that Reformers ought to be all-sided, consistent, radical and thorough in their opposition to evil and wrong,—that they should not overlook oppression all around them, in their zeal for its removal from a distant locality,—that they should not satisfy their consciences with denunciations of evils afar off, and forget those at their own doors, perhaps in their own daily practices;—if to argue that no consistent and effective stand against chattel slavery can be taken by any individual or community, except so far as he or it reduces to practice the rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us in all relations—in other words, that slavery cannot be successfully combated except on the basis of a *Practical Christian Socialism*—if THIS is to apologize for American Slavery" (!!), then I may plead guilty to the charge, but not otherwise.

I cannot think you intended to increase the "weary head and heart-throbs," to which you so feelingly allude; nevertheless it seems to me you have fallen into mistakes to which we are all liable when we undertake to judge one another.

Yours for Radical Reform,

A. E. NEWTON.

REMARKS.

We did not imply that the *Age* was closed to all Anti-Slavery truth; only to its most penetrating rays. We implied this for several reasons. 1. We have not seen the least indication that the Anti-Slavery tone of that sheet was objectionable to Pro-Slavery Spiritualists—North or South. Its recent nominal editor, S. B. Brittan, has lectured in slaveholding States, and I think I may safely infer that he has not meddled with the "peculiar institution." 2. Not one tenth, probably not one

Where Liberty dwells, there is my country.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

twentieth part of the matter of that paper, has had a direct bearing on American Slavery; yet greater than this proportion, we think—even of its editorials—has been more or less foreign to Spiritualism. As to personality, we believe in it; but so far as we have given the impression that friend Newton was solely responsible for the conduct of the *Age* we gladly stand corrected.

We maintain that our friend sought to defend himself against what we deem radical Anti-Slavery truth—for instance: we hold that no man—not even "Uncle Tom"—has a right to remain a slave for an hour; and consequently that no journal, claiming to teach the people, has a right to make its appearance in the mansion of a slaveholder without announcing the same—to the master, and to every slave who can read.

Now, as to the third point, we simply ask, *Has* our friend affirmed, unmistakably, to his Southern readers, the principle of immediate emancipation? We think not. We would be glad to see it.

We did not think our friend untrue to his convictions; only that they were modified, somewhat, by the pressure of "the most trying extremities," which is no matter of surprise to us; for we speak from experience—knowing that the heart is human. If it be a query why we should arraign a man whom we believe to be true at heart, we answer, for two reasons: First, because we believed him wrong in position; Second, because, we believed there was hope for such a man. We would be "generous" and "just," not merely to our esteemed friend, but also to the American slave.

Our Reasons.

The question has been asked us many times, why, in entering upon the marriage relation we should persist in retaining our own name. As the subject has been pretty thoroughly discussed, both in public and in private,—as the *press* has said about all it has to say in regard to our course, we deem it best, for the sake of our friends, candidly to state our reasons:

1. We know of no name so dear, so familiar to us as that which our mother gave us; and we know of no good reason why we should change our last name, any more than our first.

2. We do not wish to lose our identity. We have been introduced to persons many times in this wise: "This is Mrs. ————she that was Miss ————" Now we do not wish to be recognized as one that *was*, but as one who *is*.

3. We had no intention of delivering up soul and body to the keeping of any man, however worthy that man might be. Therefore we chose, in all respects, to be recognized as *ourselves*; and not as anybody else.

4. We chose to retain what little property we had, in our own hands, and in our own name, the same after

marriage as before. If there are those who think us selfish, and accuse us of wanting in true love and affection, we will simply say that the parties concerned are satisfied, and we hope the generous public will leave us quietly to settle and manage our own affairs.

If there are persons who think us exceedingly eccentric and foolish, all we have to say is, that we have acted as seemed wise and best to us. If there are others who wish to live and move, and have their being, solely in the name of their husband, they may have the privilege; we certainly shall not quarrel with them. But we have seen enough of the slavishness which exists in married life. We have seen husbands dole out money to their wives, say, fifty cents at a time, when it seemed very much like the master condescending to bestow a favor upon his slave; when perhaps at the same time the wife had, by her judicious management and hard labor, really earned as much of the money as had the lordly and penurious husband. We wished to guard against all these evils in season, and show to dependent woman that there is a better way. Our testimony is, that we have all the freedom that we desire. We are the mistress of our own person, property, etc., and we shall try and not abuse our freedom.

As regards our name, we are not so anxious to be called *Mrs.*, as a certain young lady who once remarked to us, that she desired to be married that she might have *MRS.* inscribed upon her grave-stone! We have none of this kind of pride to contend with, therefore shall not suffer in this respect.

Ever since we were fifteen years of age, we have thought seriously upon the subject of marriage. We have seen how rashly and madly many have rushed into this, the most sacred of all relations. We wished to avoid the shoals and quicksands, where so many thousands have been shipwrecked. Therefore we thought it wiser to make our "protest" before marriage instead of *after*, as is usually the case.

We believe in true, permanent marriage. Our testimony is against rash, hasty marriages, also against hasty divorces. "Bear and forbear" should be the motto of every husband and wife. So long as men and women are governed by the low, base passions which now actuate them, so long shall we have discordant homes, and all the paraphernalia of evils which now distract society. . . . H. N. G.

To our Paying, Half-Year Subscribers, WHO BEGAN WITH NO. I.

FRIENDS: Your term of subscription ends with this No. We shall not strike your names from our "list of friends," without orders; that would be against our principles, as well as against the law of newspapers; but if, after having had a taste at our board, you are not

To the true man, all the world is hallowed ground, and all seasons, holy.

pleased, in the main, with the spirit and ultra character of our journal, we think you had better depart in peace and good will. If you are not pleased with what you have had, you would probably be less so with the hereafter. We shall be glad to hear from you soon, and to receive a free expression of your criticism, whether you renew your subscription or not.

"Not Lost but Gone Before."

Thus we thought while gazing upon the placid features of our aged and esteemed friend, Mrs. URANIA THAYER, who left the form at Millville, Aug. 29th, aged 80 years.

We had long known her, and can truly say that she was a consistent Spiritualist, and a Practical Christian. It has often been our privilege to converse with her; and her spirit friends have often manifested themselves to her through us, and spoken many loving and hopeful words, which shed a rich halo of light around her pathway to the tomb. No one that we ever knew, enjoyed spirit communion better than did our friend. Her spiritual vision, at times, was opened, and she saw clearly the beautiful and true who had gone before. Although she had lived many years, she possessed a strong and vigorous mind—a clear and lucid reasoner. She believed in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man, and practiced faithfully the doctrine she advocated.

It is well with her now. She has gone to the home of the blest; and the music of angels falls pleasantly upon her ear. Let those who knew her best, and loved her most, weep not for her. Yet they will mourn for themselves, when the tearful eye rests upon the vacant chair, the cast-off garments, and in their loneliness will often ask, "Where is our mother?" The little ones of the household will miss her too; and will often ask for "Grandma" and wonder why she stays away so long. May they be taught that she is not dead, only gone home to live with the angels. Oh! it is not much to die, when death comes gently, kissing the brow, and the angels of love linger by the bedside, waiting to conduct the freed spirit across the shadowy valley. Thank God that the dark, mysterious views of death which have so long enshrouded the world in gloom, are disappearing before the sunlight of love so beautifully taught by Jesus, and which is being reiterated by God's ministering angels. Let those who are bereaved look to the spirit skies, and say, our beloved are there. When the night of sorrow comes again, and other loved ones are about to leave us, let us kiss them gently, bid them good night, scatter flowers over the broken casket, and feel that our heavenly Father has folded them to his bosom, and that we shall all "meet again in the morning." H. N. G.

✍ Notes on Spiritualism deferred till next No.

Notes of the Times.

JONATHAN WALKER, S. S.—This "bold seaman," of "thoughtful brow and grey," as described by Whittier, who, some years since, was imprisoned in a Southern jail, and earned the honorable title of Slave Stealer, ("Slave Savior") for his practical Christianity, is stopping in Hopedale for a season, preparatory to the publication of a complete narrative of his life and adventures. We have examined a part of his manuscript, and think we see a prophecy of the future man of "the branded hand," in the events of his boyhood. His life is remarkable, and its relation to Anti-Slavery and human rights should secure the attention of the friends of man. He has earned the right to speak! Let the world hear him.

WHITE AND COLORED SLAVERY.—"Mrs. Stowe told terrible yet truthful tales respecting the wrongs of the colored slave; but she quite overlooked the fact that the mother of Southern Slavery was a white slave, robbed, in the name of law and gospel, of her name, fortune, individuality, and the right of self-ownership. The Uncle Tom's Cabin of White Slavery—the history of Legalized Prostitution—is yet to be written."—H. F. M. B.

E. V. WILSON lectured in Milford and Hopedale, Saturday and Sunday, 27—8th ult., to interested audiences. He is now devoting himself entirely to spiritualistic labors. He will receive names for the *Radical*.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE has modified its form and editorship. It is now a fair looking quarto. W. H. Chaney and A. E. Newton are its editors.

SPIRIT-PROPHET.—The following was given Nov. 26, 1854, through a spirit-medium. So says the record. Compare it with the present and prospective state of Europe:—

"Russia will not be conquered, but will be paralyzed. France will be better prepared to sustain her liberty when once it is attained, and England will lose all the prowess of monarchy. Turkey will become severed from the wild traditions of Mohammed, and all Europe will become liberalized. * * * The religion of the world must become Humanitarian.—P. D."

A SPIRITUALISTIC PIC-NIC was held at John Gilbert's Grove, Milford, Sept. 8. E. V. Wilson, Adin Ballou, E. M. Marshall, Lizzie Doten, speakers. A pleasant time.

Several of our Exchanges are not noticed in this No. which we shall remember hereafter. Many of them are larger than our paper, and we shall reciprocate their generosity as well as we are able.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER says: "Please send me the *Radical Spiritualist* for six months, so that I can see what stuff it is made of—when, perhaps, we shall like some more. Yours in brotherly love."—J. H. H.—*New Mo.*

S. L. R., of Springfield, says: "Have good cheer; Cry aloud and spare not; the more we see of life the more we feel the need of earnest workers."

It is much more holy to be injured than to kill a man.—PYTHAGORAS. [B. C. 600.]

DYSPEPTICS'S CORNER.

"VEGETABLE DIET."—The following, from a work of Wm. A. Alcott, a vegetarian philanthropist, recently deceased, belongs in this Corner, and expresses our views:

"Who will assert that, had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimuli, look with coolness on an *auto da fe*? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots, would take delight in sports of blood?"

Was Nero a man of temperate life? Could you read calm health in his cheek, flushed with ungovernable propensities of hatred for the human race? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly? was his skin transparent?"

TO THE POINT.—"Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and, plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the streaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instincts of Nature that would rise in judgment against it, and say, Nature formed me for such work as this!"—*Id.*

SNUFFING.—"My hearers; I have no doubt that much pleasure is derived from snuffing; but my nose knows it not. The titillation occasioned by a pinch cannot be otherwise than agreeable; and then the sneeze—if you are so fortunate as to be favored with one—is not that delightful? What pleasure can be enjoyed this side of heaven to exceed a powerful sneeze? But the worst of it is, if you become addicted to tickling the nostrils with powdered tobacco, the nose grows obstinate, and refuses to sneeze. What is the consequence?—you persevere in goading this poor, innocent member, all to no purpose. Sneeze he won't, and sneeze you can't make him. And then how horribly it affects your speech! Instead of distinctly saying *SHILLING*, you merely utter *SHIL'S*, and, for plain English *PIDDING*, you can only get out something that sounds like *PED'S*."—*Dove's Patent Sermons.*

GRAN'PA'S SPECTACLES.—"There now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there now! gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?" Shortly after, when an older aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand and an errand on her lips:

"You are going to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Going to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are gran'pa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

A SMART WOMAN.—A preacher not long since, asking to stay all night at a country house, was forbidden by the lady. Knowing her to be a member of the church, and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping she would understand by this hint that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when she said, "but angels, sir, would not come with tobacco in their mouths." The preacher left without further ceremony.

DOMESTIC PEACE can never be preserved in family jars.

VISIT TO PASCOAG, R. I.—In a recent visit to this village, we encountered some formidable "posers" to spiritualism. Says one "down easter," "That's what they call *S-p-e-r-i-t-u-a-l-i-s-m*—that is—*S-p-e-r-i-t-u-a-l* Rappings, ha? Well, we've seen enough on't." What have you seen? we asked. "Seen? Why, we han't *s-e-e-n* anything. We've *hern* enough without *seen*. It's all nonsense, and we go for throwin away such chaff." But don't throw away the *wheat*, we rejoined. "We don't want to hear anything about it. The Bible goes agin all such 'seducin' doctrines!"

Thus spoke Wisdom! But there are a few thinking men and women in P., who have had the courage to subscribe for our paper. May they illumine the darkness.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.—"You argers, sare, dat de world am flat and stands on a big rock," said Sambo; "now I want you to tle me what dat rock stand on?"

"I see s'prised at your ignorance!," returned Cato,

"why it stands on anurder big rock."

"But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?" said Sambo, confident that he had his opponent cornered.

"Why, dar is rocks all de way down," replied Cato

after a moment's hesitation.

"My colored friend," said Sambo, with a pompous air,

"I see sorry to see sich 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in

a gemman ob your egalted pertentions; allow me who

has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de

very deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat

dis carf is round and devolves on axles."

"I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat prompts you

to distend to dis gemman de information dat you furnish

de question dat we is at present debatin," returned

Cato, "and wid all reference to s'perior opportunities

to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid

you on de freery dat you advances. Kase, if de world

was round and turned on axles, wouldn't de axle-tree

broke down and spill all de people in de street? answer

me dat."

"Some people mistake 'vale of tears,' for 'reil of

tears," and so go weeping through de world. One

would think they fancied virtue to be a species of bul-

rush, thriving best in wet places.

The latest style of hoop skirt is a grand self-adjusting,

double back-action bustle, etruscan lace expansion, spiral

Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It

is a "love of a thing."

A JUDGE in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for

contempt of Court. "I have expressed no contempt for

the Court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have

carefully concealed my feelings."

SUGGESTIVE.—"There are said to be hogs enough pack-

ed in Cincinnati every year to reach around the world if

they were arranged in single file, the tail of each hog in

the mouth of his immediate 'successor.'"

An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling

a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer to

"give the prison a puff."

A DARKEY being knocked over in a thunder storm, ex-

claimed, on regaining his perpendicular position, "Gorry,

who fire dat gun?"

EMERSON says that when a public man claims more

consideration than his faculties entitle him to, he is a

politician.

"Be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it."



The following was written by request of a friend of the parties, for the Silver Anniversary Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. and A. T. DRAPER, celebrated at Hopdale, Sept. 10, 1859. It was sung on the occasion, as a voluntary "surprise" offering to the Pair.

Silver Wedding.

Brightly as the morning dawneth,
Lo! your wedding day returns;
Crowning you with bridal blessings
Gathered in their Silver urns.

Years have past since first you plighted
Blushing lover's youthful vows;
Marching time has slowly numbered
Silver hairs upon your brows.

Many hopes, once green, are blighted,—
Faded is the cheek with years;
But upon the heart's green altar
Love's sweet amaranth appears.

Hand in hand, upon life's river
You have sailed, and braved its tide;
Angel voices, true and tender,
Greet you from the other side.

Music, soft as evening vespers,
Comes upon the autumnal air;
And melodious voices whisper
Blessings on the faithful pair.

From the shores of the immortal—
Come the souls whom you have blest,
Showering garlands, bright—supernal—
From their homes of Spirit-Rest.

Pledges, that in youth were given,
Shall remain forever true,
If your souls, in LOVE united,
Their affections still renew.

Then may come the GOLDEN Wedding,
Love, upon its Silver wing,
O'er the bridal altar shedding
Fragrance of eternal spring.

H. N. G.

Manhood is individuality
Of thought. No two men ever saw the world
Alike through outward eyes.

Hidden Beauty.

We propose, from time to time, to present to the reader what we call poetry, whether in meter or not. So, Mr. Literary Usage, stand one side, if you please:

There are wonders of God upon the earth in yet unbroken loveliness; things which the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, lavished in the very profusion of unbounded power in the exhaustless abundance and wealth of Omnipotence. There are floods of sunshine flung over the broad sweep of untrodden deserts; gorgeous foliage and eternal bloom, clothing the wilderness of virgin woods. There are rivers that wander over voiceless regions; there are beautiful but unnoticed shores, washed only by the ocean wave, cheered only by the music of the storm. There are spots of Paradise, lovely in their solitude, which the day beams and the moonlight alone look upon. There are unprofaned cataracts by which Nature in her deep retreats, hymns forever her anthems of lonely praise. And so it is with the GOOD MAN'S SOUL: it has glory in its secret places; it has joy in its hidden depths; it has light where no man intrudes; it has peace which passeth understanding and passeth utterance; it has majesty and bliss where only its own thought with the spirit of its God reposes.—H. Giles.

[For the Radical Spiritualist.]

Musings.

BY MRS. A. G. COMSTOCK.

Ah! the years, so quickly speeding,
Cast their lengthened shadows now;
See time's fingers, busy tracing
Furrows on my once smooth brow.
See the threads of silver gleaming
'Mid the tresses once so fair;
And these eyes, no longer beaming,
Dim with many a grief and care.
And the voice, which once was tuneful,
Now is tremulous with years;
And my cheeks no longer blooming,
Faded quite with bitter tears.
Now my step—once light and buoyant—
To dirge-music, soft and low,
Bears me down beside the river
Where the life-tides ebbing flow,—
Drift out to the solemn ocean,
Onward toward the other shore;
Thence the restless storm-tossed surges,
Come to beat time's strand no more!
But I grieve not for the loved ones
Who have trod life's way thus far;
They are passing down beside me,
And with eyes upon that Star,
Which leads onward to the portals
Of that rest all may obtain;
There eternal spring-time lingers,
There shall we be young again.
"And the lost, the forgotten,"
We shall meet them there at home;
And the loved but long estranged ones,
We will greet them when they come.

"No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle."